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**Miscellany.**

**SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.**

The following picture of an English Sabbath is drawn by a very eminent hand, viz. by that of Dr. Niemeyer, Professor and Chancellor of the University of Halle in Germany, who is universally respected on the continent, as well for his distinguished private character as for his numerous and admirable works on education. It was in the summer of 1819 that the Professor visited England.

“ Almost all travellers protest that nothing is more melancholy than the observance of Sunday in England. They assure us that every thing seems dead, and that every sound of joy becomes mute. They pity the people who are denied every innocent pleasure, and extol the happiness of other countries, where this restraint is unknown.\* I candidly confess that the Sunday in England has not appeared to me so dull and joyless; nay that I even reckon several Sundays passed there among my most agreeable recollections, and cannot refrain from expressing the wish that we might have among ourselves something more of what we there find in families as distinguished for intellectual endowments as respectable for their character. I do not address those whom a religious gloom causes to regard as sinful

\* Among these a recent French author, who calls himself a resident in London, is prominent: he says, “ Nothing can be conceived more tiresome and melancholy than an English Sunday, whether in London or the country. The theatres are all closed; the taverns are only opened at certain hours, and all gaming, dancing, and music are strictly prohibited. The tolls established at the turnpikes are increased, and a large portion of the population spend the day in traversing the parks, or in strolling to gardens in the suburbs, where every man drinks his tea or beer without speaking to his neighbour. It is the finest sight in the world to see men, women, and children looking mournfully at each other, as they walk along and yawn, or else seated with their arms across at their windows, which are kept shut in all seasons of the year, counting the passengers as they pass.”

the most innocent occupations, such as playing on the piano-forte, knitting, reading any book that is not of a religious nature, and think they ought to keep the Sabbath more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of the Christian religion; but those who would wish that a certain harmony might be observed among us also in the employment of the hours of Sunday. I foresee that many readers will be of a different opinion. But how should people be always of one mind?

“ It is not to be denied, that the difference between the six week-days and this seventh, is more striking in England than any where else. It is as if a long continued ebb had set in, which would be followed by no flood; or as if animated life had quitted the streets and public places, and retired to the back part of the dwellings; or as if every one breathed more softly to recover from the fatigues and exertions of a restless activity. The latter is really the case. In this respect alone, the law which commands repose from usual employment, is a real blessing for innumerable persons, who have borne for six days together the labour and heat of the day, or in the bustle of worldly concerns have not been able to rest themselves, or hold intercourse with their family, and that is accomplished which the ancient Mosaic foundation of the Sabbath had for its object.\* On Saturday, when the clock strikes twelve (at night) the curtain in the theatre must be let down, and it is not drawn up again till Monday. Only those shops in which the indispensable necessities of life are sold, are open; all the others are closed the whole day, and all the windows being covered with painted shutters, the city assumes quite a different appearance. Where the law, originating in ancient times of religious dissension, is observed in all its rigour, even large entertainments, card-parties, and concerts in the houses, are avoided, and no work done. The streets however begin to be animated, when, between ten and eleven o’clock, divine service begins. The number of well-dressed persons going to church increases in all the streets: the citizens, generally, man and wife together, the children before them, mostly with the Common Prayer-book and Psalms in their hand. The churches being so numerous in all parts of the city, the masses soon divide; and here, as well as elsewhere, some are more crowded than others. Some of the churches in particular, where evening service (beginning at six o’clock) is performed, are so excessively crowded, that a person who comes late can hardly find a seat, however willing the pew-opener may be to procure him one.

\* “ Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger [the slave born in the house, and he who is purchased] may be refreshed.”—Exod. xxiii. 12.

“ It would, however, be a great error to suppose that every man in England is a constant attendant at church. If we calculate the inhabitants of London at twelve hundred thousand, the number of all the churches and chapels, as well of the established church as the dissenters, at 466, all these, some of which are very small, would scarcely be able to contain more than the half. But there, too, there are persons enough in all classes, for whom there is no church and no Sunday; whether it be that, as is often the case among us, they seek in this indifference superior intellectual light, or believe themselves dispensed by empty excuses of want of time, or are alienated by an irregular sensual life from every thing that lies beyond the senses: yet this external respect for public religious worship, and the communion of Christians for elevating the soul to God, as well as for self-reflection, are indisputably far more general in England. In many it may be mere habit, education, eye-service, a remedy against domestic ennui, and now and then more than Jewish superstition, against which Christ (Matt. xii. 1—8) and Paul (Rom. xiv. 5, 6) contended: but in many it is the pure expression of internal religious feeling, and as it has arisen from no compulsory obligation to join the congregation of the worshippers of God, so it manifests itself in them by the most beneficial effects, by maintaining and increasing in them a true sense of what is moral and divine.

“ He who does not consider the *theatre, balls, and games for money*, as *indispensable* in order to be *happy*, or to keep off ennui, in whom those artificial pleasures have not blunted a taste for the great scenes of nature, and the pleasures of cheerful society, I really know not what should hinder such a person from spending his Sunday agreeably, both in and out of London. I, at least, have seen on fine Sundays the roads almost more thronged with carriages and pedestrians than during the week. The Thames was covered with boats, conveying numerous parties to the beautiful places on the banks, the country seats, &c. The public houses, towards evening, were crowded, even before the doors, with cheerful guests, and the children were playing round them; the coaches were full, both inside and out, of persons going and returning. In St. James’s Park, and still more in Hyde Park, the crowd was so great towards evening, that one might have thought the whole population of London was walking there. At seven, eight, and nine o’clock, the streets begin to fill with the returning multitude, who, after being confined for the whole week in their work-rooms, shops, and narrow habitations, have been out with their wives and children to enjoy the fresh air. Many indeed, both high and low, who go into the country on a Sunday, do not readily neglect to attend the village churches, before the doors of which you may

often see whole rows of carriages from the neighbourhood. But then they enjoy the rest of the day in the open country, or in the elegant environs of their houses, and often in rich and social entertainments. I myself never failed to meet with all this on Sundays, and even music, as my readers will see below. Thus, under the guidance of Mr. Ackerman, who always studied how to procure me pleasure, I passed on the 11th of June, in the morning, through the then quiet London, and Fulham, the beautiful country seat of the Bishop of London, surrounded by a large park, to the paradisaical Richmond. Unfortunately we arrived too late for the church, and were unwilling to disturb the congregation. But the beauties of unconfined nature, the recollections of venerable antiquity, called forth by the view of the spot where the ancient English Kings, Edward I. and II. once dwelt, where Edward III. mourned for his heroic son the Black Prince, where Henry VII. died, where Elizabeth lived under her sister Mary as a prisoner, and at last ended her career as queen, glorious, though not happy in herself; all this, beheld from an elevated balcony, was no less calculated than divine service, to dispose the soul to serious contemplation.

“ The accounts of travellers have made us acquainted with the highly beautiful and cultivated view from the heights near Lyons. Yet the Gallo-American Simond is impartial enough to give the preference to the view from Richmond Hill. From an eminence of only moderate elevation, which you attain gradually, you look over first a wide plain through which the Thames meanders. Its two banks are meadows covered with herds and flocks. Large masses of trees stand irregularly on this beautiful level turf, spreading around them dark shadows, and some are divided into single groups like thickly wooded islands on the bosom of a verdant ocean. Here and there is a lofty oak, which extends at right angles its mighty arms, but more frequently an elm appears, whose round masses of foliage are closely piled one above another. Only a few houses, half concealed in the copse, some hardly perceptible foot-paths over the green sward leading to these dwellings, remind you of human inhabitants. At the farthest end of the immense semicircle, which the eye commands, the scenery is still the same, and yet always varying. But as each single part retires, every slight change of the level surface shows the nearest objects on the faint bluish back-ground of the more remote, till the whole is closed by a horizon of hills of a bluish and undefined tone of colouring. Thus nature, or rather its Divine Author, has here erected a glorious temple, in which every feeling bosom must be inspired with cheerful devotion. Here it was that the favourite poet of Britain, Thomson, whose remains repose in the church-yard beneath a plain stone, sang

Enchanting Vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse  
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung :  
O Vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !  
On which the power of Cultivation lies  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.  
Heav'ns ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns and spires,  
And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

“ Here too it was that our worthy countryman Moritz exclaimed, ‘ O Richmond, Richmond ! never shall I forget that evening, when thou didst so sweetly smile upon me from thy fairy hills !—O ye blooming vales, ye verdant meads, and ye silver streams in this happy country, how have ye delighted me, when I walked transported with enthusiasm on the flowery banks of the Thames.’

“ From Richmond we went to Kew, where we viewed the celebrated Botanic garden in company with Mr. Aiton, the superintendent of all the royal gardens, and among other botanical curiosities, saw the original *Hortensia* from which all those in Europe are derived. We afterwards dined with the family of Mr. Pappendiek, page to the late Queen, who died here in her country house in the arms of his wife. When we returned in the cool of the evening, an immense crowd had assembled before the barracks of the King’s guards in Hyde Park, to hear the music of the band, which, as I was told, plays every evening the favourite popular airs, and other select pieces. Here then, also, the *English Sunday*, which has been so much decried, was not clad in mourning.

“ Farther, it is true, they do not go in England. Even he who perhaps has religion less at heart than the preservation of certain national customs, requires that *Sunday shall maintain its peculiar character*, and that there shall not be too glaring a contrast between its principal destination, and the employment of the remaining hours of the day. Thus, for instance, every true Englishman would consider it as a most indecent contrast, if the same parents who had in the morning gone to church with their children, and there perhaps heard a sermon on modesty and decorum, could go with them in the evening to the theatre, and there see at their ease some laughable farce, or such luscious scenes, drawn after nature, as we find represented, in some of our favourite pieces, to the eyes of our youth of both sexes. But so ought in reason every one to think and feel, who does not regard the whole of life as a farce. Truly, *decorum* often borders nearer than we believe on *morality !*”

## OLD MAIDS.

The silly notion that prevails among silly people, that there is any tendency in the celibacy of females to make them less amiable, intelligent and agreeable, than if they had been married, is hardly worth disputing. A very sensible writer, Mr. Simond, in his well known Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, &c. makes the following very judicious remarks on the female character, and on the progressive good sense of the world, which is gradually giving up the prejudice and the odium which have been affixed to the term *old maid*.

“ How many women see their lives pass away without establishment, in solitude and poverty, bearing with patience and cheerfulness all the evils of their situation—the privation of the happiness of being loved, and of joys estimated perhaps beyond their value by being only imagined. They advance towards old age, unregarded, unpitied, without hope in the world, yet preserving universal benevolence, a warm and a generous heart. Cultivation of mind, and the habit of other and higher thoughts than mere self, can alone give us the courage to bear with the daily miseries of life—or, what is better, make us forget them. The original of that ridiculous and hateful being, who is made to act so conspicuous a part on the English stage and in English novels, under the name of *old maid*, is now scarcely ever met with, at least I have not met with it; and the odious distinction between an old woman and an old man is becoming obsolete.”

A similar commendation of unmarried women has been expressed by the amiable Mrs. Grant, in her Letters from the Mountains. We do not remember her words exactly, but she says nearly this, that some of the most disinterested and exemplary of her acquaintance have been women that have relinquished their fondest attachments and dearest hopes in the prime of life, to devote themselves exclusively to the support, consolation and society of afflicted and decaying parents, and have accounted the sacrifice as small for the duties, the affections, and the gratitude they owed. Surely the motives, the feelings, the virtues of such, deserve all honour and praise and favour.

The subsequent short vindication of the despised state and character of “ single ladies,” is part of a letter from CAROLINE CONTEST, to a gentleman, and was published in Ackerman’s Repository.

“ The community of old maids consists of various classes; we might, I believe, fairly place them under the following heads :

“ *Spinsters from disappointed love.*

“ *Spinsters from ambition.*

“*Spinsters from not meeting with congenial minds.*

“*Spinsters from principle.*

“*Spinsters from want of offers.*

“*Spinsters from opportunities thrown away.*

“ Little, if any thing, surely need be said in defence of the first class. Woman is so constituted, that if she loves at all, it must be with her whole heart, and it is only to the Almighty Power who bestowed upon her that sensibility, which must be either her blessing or her bane, that she can be deemed accountable for the indulgence of it. If disappointed in her affections, either through the death or the unworthiness of him whom she had selected as the partner of her future days, her widowed heart refuses to receive another inmate, surely the cause of her celibacy is of a nature too sacred to excite ridicule, or to merit reprehension. She may indeed be viewed with pity, but it must be that tender and respectful sentiment of commiseration which ennobles, not degrades its object.

“ As to those ladies who remain single because they do not meet with congenial minds, I cannot see how they are at all to blame. They may possibly be accused of over-refinement; but let us see how far that accusation is well founded. It must certainly be admitted, that mutual and strong affection is necessary to render the marriage state happy: without a certain congeniality of disposition, such an affection cannot exist; and I will only ask you, which is the most respectable character in all unprejudiced eyes, the female who becomes a wife merely from motives of interest or convenience, or the woman who ‘braves the world’s dread laugh’ by submitting to the title of old maid, rather than perjure herself at the altar by uttering vows which her heart refuses to ratify?

“ Well, but, methinks, I hear you ask, what excuse can be made for those whom ambition keeps from submitting in time to the fetters of Hymen? Why, my good sir, a great deal may be said even for them. I maintain that the fault is not theirs, but their mothers. If girls were properly brought up, we should have no old maids through ambition: but what is, generally speaking, the first lesson which females are taught now-a-days? Why, to make a good match. The old song says, ‘Look once at the person, but twice at the mind;’ but neither mind nor person is now regarded half so much as the fortune. A girl is not taught that she will be happy in proportion as her husband is amiable, of good moral character, and strongly attached to her. No; she is told, that the most essential point is, his ability to maintain her in a still equal, if not superior, manner to what she lived in before she married. And if her heart or her reason rejects this mercenary counsel, still her mind may not be strong enough to contemplate, without shrinking from them, the various

evils which a woman exposes herself to, who marries in opposition to the advice and opinion of all those with whom she has been accustomed to associate. I think therefore, sir, that if you have half the candour for which I am willing to give you credit, you will agree with me, that in forty-nine cases out of fifty, the celibacy of this class may be traced to the instructions which they have received from their mammas.

“ And now we come to those who remain single from principle. My own knowledge of this class furnishes me with two instances, sufficient to rescue the name of old maid from reproach. The first of these is an amiable Frenchwoman, who, while a mere child, was compelled to emigrate with an aged father. The little money they brought with them was soon exhausted, and the industry of Emilie, then scarcely fifteen, was her father’s only resource against the horrors of want. Providence blessed her endeavours by enabling her to support him in decent comfort. When she was about eighteen, she formed an acquaintance with an emigrant nobleman, who, like herself, gained a livelihood by his talents; they soon became mutually attached, to the great vexation of the *comtesse*, his mother, who was terribly alarmed at the thought of her noble blood being contaminated by a plebeian alliance. She sent for Emilie, and after haughtily remonstrating with her on her presumption, demanded a promise that she would never become the wife of the *comte*. But she raved and threatened in vain; Emilie positively refused to sacrifice her lover. The polite *comtesse* on this changed her ground: ‘ And pray,’ cried she, in a tone of sudden recollection, ‘ have you ever thought, child, what is to become of your father?’ Emilie blushed, was silent, and at last owned that the *comte* had promised her father should live with them. This was enough; madame instantly conjured up all the evils that might probably result from their marriage—straitened circumstances, increase of family, the actual certainty that, at all events, her attention must be so divided, that she could no longer be, as then, every thing to her father. The picture was eloquent; it went to the heart of Emilie. She interrupted the *comtesse*: ‘ Say no more, madame, say no more. Never, no never, while my father lives, will I become the wife of any man.’ She kept her word, kept it at the expense of losing the man whom she adored. The conflict between duty and passion nearly unsettled her reason, but her resolution never wavered.

“ Who can view such conduct as Emilie’s without respect, I may say veneration? Nor is that of my friend Charlotte S—— less deserving of applause. She was left an orphan under the care of a brother, whose amiable wife died just as Charlotte attained her twentieth year, leaving a young family, to whom

my friend has been a mother in every sense of the word, and for whose sake she has repeatedly declined the most unexceptionable offers.

CAROLINE CONTEST."

#### SHETLAND.

An entertaining account of Shetland, by Dr. Hibbert, furnishes the subjoined narrative of the popular fables and superstitions of that insulated region.

"The appearances assumed by the malevolent Neptune of the Shetlanders, named the Shoopiltee, bear a complete or near resemblance to that of a horse. Of mermen and merwomen, many strange stories are told. Beneath the depths of the ocean, an atmosphere exists adapted to the respiring organs of certain beings, resembling, in form, the human race, who are possessed of surpassing beauty, of limited supernatural powers, and liable to the incident of death. They dwell in a wide territory of the globe far below the region of fishes, over which the sea, like the cloudy canopy of our sky, loftily rolls, and they possess habitations constructed of the pearly and coralline productions of the ocean. Having lungs not adapted to a watery medium, but to the nature of atmospheric air, it would be impossible for them to pass through the volume of waters that intervenes between the submarine and supra-marine world, if it were not for the extraordinary power that they inherit of entering the skin of some animal capable of existing in the sea, which they are enabled to occupy by a sort of demoniacal possession. One shape that they put on, is that of an animal human above the waist, yet terminating below in the tail and fins of a fish, but the most favourite form is of the larger seal or Haaf-fish; for, in possessing an amphibious nature, they are enabled not only to exist in the ocean, but to land on some rock, where they frequently lighten themselves of their sea-dress, resume their proper shape, and with much curiosity examine the nature of the upper world belonging to the human race. Unfortunately, however, each merman or merwoman possesses but one skin, enabling the individual to ascend the seas, and if, on visiting the abode of man, the garb should be lost, the hapless being must unavoidably become an inhabitant of our earth.

"I effected a landing, not without considerable difficulty, on one of the low rocks that forms a part of the Skerries, seven or eight miles north-west of Papa Stour. This is a dangerous reef for vessels,—the sea around being agitated by opposite tides, while in the winter it is so washed over with the waves as to be scarcely visible. From the shelving crags of these Skerries, numerous large seals sought their safety in the ocean, while others, less timorous, drew near the boat and gazed at us

with attention; but these might have been the disguised submarine inhabitants of ocean's depths,—philosophers, perhaps, in their own world, availing themselves of the opportunity of examining the geognosy of our portion of the earth's crust, and the external characters and habits of the *Homo Sapiens* of supra-marine systematic writers. The Ve Skerries are, according to popular belief, the particular retreat of the fair sons and daughters of the sea, where they are defended by a raging surf, that continually beats around them, from the obtrusive gaze and interference of mortals: here they release themselves from the skins within which they are in thrall, and, assuming the most exquisite human forms that ever were opposed to earthly eyes, inhale the upper atmosphere destined for the human race, and, by the moon's bright beams, enjoy their midnight revels.

“ As the green-haired denizens of the ocean are mortal, the visits that they pay the upper world are not always unattended with peril. On the authority of Brand, it appears, that in making their way through the ocean, there was much danger in their being entangled among the meshes spread out for taking herring; in which case they were certain to obtain a sound beating from the fishermen. It often happened, therefore, that they would contrive to break through the nets, or to the vexation of the Shetlanders, bear them away. Sometimes, however, a more disastrous fate attended these beings. A damsel, who in swimming through the intermediate expanse of the ocean, had assumed the peculiar half-fishy form under which a mermaid in her disguise very frequently appears, was caught by a ling hook that had been laid, which, from the narrative of Brand, appears to have entered her chin, and come out at her upper lip. When she was brought to the side of the boat, one of the crew, fearing that her appearance denoted mischief, took out his knife, and stabbed her to the heart; the luckless mermaid fell backwards, emitted a mournful cry, and disappeared for ever. The murderer never afterwards prospered in his affairs, but, until his death, was haunted by an old merman, who continually upbraided him with the crime he had committed. • But the greatest danger to which these rangers of the sea seem liable, are, from the mortal hurts that they receive, upon taking on themselves the form of the larger seals or Haaf-fish; for when shot under this shape, the blood no sooner issues forth from the wound, and mixes with the ocean's brine, than it possesses the supernatural power of causing an awful swell and break of the sea, in the vicinity of the spot where the victim, from a sense of the pain inflicted, has been seen to dive. On the Ve Skerries, the inhabitants of submarine depths are liable to considerable peril, whenever the natives of Papa Stour repair thither, at certain times of the year, for the purpose of attacking the

seals, as they lie in the hollow of a certain crag. A story is told of a boat's crew that landed with this design at one of the Stacks ;—they stunned a number of these animals, and, in this state, stripped them of their skins, with the fat attached to them, —left the carcases on the rock, and were about to set off for the shore of Papa Stour, when such a tremendous swell arose, that every one flew quickly to the boat, and were successful in entering it, except one man, who had imprudently lingered behind. The crew were unwilling to leave a companion to perish on the skerries, but the surge increased so fast, that after many unsuccessful attempts to bring the boat close into the stack the unfortunate wight was left to his fate. A stormy night came on, and the deserted Shetlander saw no prospect before him, but of perishing with cold and hunger, or of being washed into the sea by the breakers which threatened to dash over the rocks. At length, he perceived many of the seals, who, in their flight, had escaped the attack of the boatmen ;—they approached the skerry, disrobed themselves of their amphibious hides, and appeared like the sons and daughters of the ocean. Their first object was to assist in the recovery of their friends, who, having been stunned by clubs, had, in this state, been deprived of their skins. When the flayed animals had regained their sensibility, they assumed their proper form of mermen or merwomen, and began to lament in a mournful lay, wildly accompanied by the storm that was raging around, the loss of their sea-dress, which would prevent them from again enjoying their native azure atmosphere, and coral mansions that lay below the deep waters of the Atlantic. But their chief lamentation was for Ollavitinus, the son of Gioga, who, having been stripped of his seal's skin, would be for ever parted from his co-mates, and condemned to be an outcast inhabitant of the upper world. Their song was at length broken off, by observing one of their enemies viewing, with shivering limbs and looks of comfortless despair, the wild waves that dashed over the stack. Gioga immediately conceived the idea of rendering subservient to the advantage of her son the perilous situation of the man. She addressed him with mildness, proposing to carry him safe on her back across the sea to Papa Stour, on condition of receiving the seal-skin of Ollavitinus. A bargain was struck, and Gioga clad herself in her amphibious garb; but the Shetlander, alarmed at the sight of the stormy main that he was to ride through, prudently begged leave of the matron, for his better preservation, that he might be allowed to cut a few holes in her shoulders and flanks, in order to procure, between the skin and the flesh, a better fastening for his hands and feet. The request being complied with, the man grasped the neck of the seal, and committing himself to her care, she landed him safely at Acres Gio in Papa

Stour; from which place he immediately repaired to a skeo at Hamna Voe, where the skin was deposited, and honourably fulfilled his part of the contract, by affording Gioga the means whereby her son could again revisit the ethereal space over which the sea spreads its green mantle.

“ Sometimes mermen and merwomen have formed connubial attachments with the human race. A story is told of an inhabitant of Unst, who, in walking on the sandy margin of a voe, saw a number of these beings dancing by moonlight, and several seal-skins strewed beside them on the ground. At his approach they immediately fled to secure their garbs, and taking upon themselves the form of seals, plunged immediately into the sea. But as the Shetlander perceived that one skin lay close to his feet, he snatched it up, bore it swiftly away, and placed it in concealment. On returning to the shore, he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes, lamenting the robbery, by which she should become an exile from her submarine friends, and a tenant of the upper world. Vainly she implored the restitution of her property; the man had drunk deeply of love, and was inexorable,—but offered her protection beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. The merlady, perceiving that she must become an inhabitant of the earth, found that she could not do better than accept of the offer. This strange connubial attachment subsisted for many years, and several children were the fruits of it, who retained no farther marks of their origin than in the resemblance which a sort of web between their fingers, and a particular bend of their hands, bore to the fore feet of a seal—this peculiarity being possessed by the descendants of the family at the present day. The Shetlander’s love for his merwife was unbounded; but his affection was coldly returned. The lady would often steal alone to the desert strand, and, on a signal being given, a large seal would make his appearance, with whom she would hold, in an unknown tongue, an anxious conference. Years had thus glided away, when it happened that one of the children, in the course of his play, found concealed beneath a stack of corn a seal’s skin, and, delighted with the prize, ran with it to his mother. Her eyes glistened with rapture,—she gazed upon it as her own,—as the means by which she could pass through the ocean that led to her native home,—she burst forth into an ecstasy of joy, which was only moderated when she beheld her children, whom she was now about to leave,—and, after hastily embracing them, fled with all speed towards the sea-side. The husband immediately returned,—learned the discovery that had taken place,—ran to overtake his wife, but only arrived in time to see her transformation of shape completed,—to see her, in the form of a seal, bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea. The large

animal of the same kind with whom she had held a secret converse soon appeared, and evidently congratulated her, in the most tender manner, on her escape. But, before she dived to unknown depths, she cast a parting glance at the wretched Shetlander, whose despairing looks excited in her breast a few transient feelings of commiseration. ‘Farewell,’ said she to him, ‘and may all good attend you. I loved you very well when I resided upon earth, but I always loved my first husband much better.’

“These inhabitants of a submarine world, were, in the later periods of Christianity, regarded as fallen angels, who were compelled to take refuge in the seas: they had, therefore, the name of Sea-Trows given to them, as belonging to the dominion of the Prince of Darkness. Brand appears to have confirmed this view, by assenting, to the opinion of the sailors, that it was the devil, who, in the shape of great rolling creatures, broke their nets; adding, ‘It seems to be more than probable that evil spirits frequent both land and sea.’”

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**CONFessions OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER,***Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.**(Concluded from p. 460.)*

May, 1818.—The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c. is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that southern

Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life: the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkies, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was al-

ways the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sophas, &c. soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear every thing when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

*June, 1819.*—I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and indeed the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds, by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads, are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite: and, thirdly, (which is the main reason) the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream; to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly reunited, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "it yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to Heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly: and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: her tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an

eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the *Coronation Anthem*, and which like *that* gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it, and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—“I will sleep no more!”

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its

crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or other, “unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him.” By what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffectionate details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater—or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium is the true hero of the tale; and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain: if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus! The reader is aware that opium had long ago ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet as other tortures, no less it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him—and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one.—I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend, who afterwards refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within the year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly: and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains, to 150 a-day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed: but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered;

and much perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by a most innocent sufferer\* (of the times of James I.). Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, viz. ammoniated tincture of Valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation I have not much to give: and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater; and, therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced: and that he may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that with a stronger constitution than mine he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true: I would not presume to measure the efforts of other men by my own: I heartily wish him more energy: I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want: and these supplied me with conscientious supports which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die: I think it probable: and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration: and I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than useful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains: my dreams are not yet perfectly calm: the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided: the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed: my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)—

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.

\* William Lithgow: his book (Travels &c.) is ill and pedantically written: but the account of his own sufferings on the rack at Malaga is overpoweringly affecting.

## Variety.

### ANECDOTES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The following anecdotes exhibit the Artist, whose genius has honoured his country so much, in an amiable light: liberality to others, and modesty in the estimation of himself, are finely displayed.

“Sir Joshua Reynolds,” says Dayes, “at the time I made the drawings of the King at St. Paul’s, after his illness in 1789, complimented me handsomely on seeing them, and afterwards observed, that the labour bestowed must have been such, that I could not be remunerated by selling them; but if I would publish them myself, he would lend me the money necessary, and engage to get me a handsome subscription among the nobility. Such an offer could not be the result of an avaricious disposition, which he has been taxed with: and in the purchase of pictures, money was never an object with him; witness his offering to cover twice with guineas (as the price) the picture of the Witch coming from Hell with a lap full of Charms, by Teniers, and of which he afterwards obtained possession, as he modestly declared, by *only* painting a portrait, and giving a fancy subject and another of his own works. He mentioned the sum it would have taken, and which, to the best of my recollection, was 900 guineas.”

The Venus by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was engraved by Collier. Sir Joshua said it was the best engraved picture of any he had ever had done. He spoke in similar terms of the Infant Academy, by Haward. These two engravings gained the artists the degrees of Associates of the Royal Academy.

“Here,” said Sir Joshua to Nat. Bond, the Advocate, “look at this portrait of Lord Thurlow—see what may be done by a clever engraver. He has produced by his graver a harmony in the fellow’s d——d queer face, that I with all my endeavours failed in.” This plate was engraved by Paggi and Bartolozzi; and when Lavater saw it, he was said to have exclaimed, “This is a countenance which shows a mind fit to reign in Heaven or Hell.” And yet in a life of the Bishop of London, it is said there never was a portrait worthy to be called a resemblance of this great man.

Caleb Whitefoorde came one day to Sir Joshua, and told him of a Delilah by Rubens, which he could sell him for a fair price, at the same time convincing Sir J., who depended upon his judgment, that it was an original. He therefore commissioned him to buy, and £300 was paid for the picture, which was sent home about twilight, and of course could not be seen (it was, besides, after Sir J. had lost the sight of one eye).

Sir Joshua, on viewing it the next morning, found that his bargain was no original, and of, in fact, but comparatively little value. This very much vexed him—"This man," said he, "has taken me in;" and from that hour he was always denied to Mr. Whitefoorde, who, it is to be presumed, only erred in judgment:—the original picture is now at Munich.

So little did Sir Joshua consume his time unnecessarily that in ascending to his bedchamber, he generally undid the buttons of his knees as he went up the stairs.

Sir J. Reynolds hearing of a person who had a Vandyke, wished to purchase it—he was told he might have it for painting a portrait of a lady. The picture was sent, and Sir J. liking it, offered 40 guineas for it; but the money was returned to him, and he then painted the portrait instead.

These data afford fair grounds for appreciating what Sir J. thought of his own abilities, and also for judging of his conduct to other artists and distinguished men. They form a supplement to the description of him by Sterne, who says in one of his letters,—" You must mention the likeness to Reynolds himself, for I will tell you why I cannot: He has already painted a very excellent likeness of me, which when I went to pay him for it, he desired me to accept as a tribute, (to use his own elegant and flattering expression) that his art wished to pay to my genius. That man's way of thinking and manners are at least equal to his pencil."

#### SIR HENRY SAVILLE.

Sir Henry Saville, was provost of Eton College. He was a very severe governor; and the scholars hated him for his austerity. "He could not abide wits," says Aubrey. "When any young scholar was recommended to him as a wit, he would say, 'Out upon him! I will have nothing to do with him. Give me the plodding student: \* if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate for them; there be the wits.'" Sir Henry was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth; he read Greek and politics to her.

#### GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Of this gentleman, who occupies such a space in the department of classical criticism, report testifies that he can never sleep out of his own house, and that from the time he goes to his brother's at Richmond, until his return, he never sleeps.

It was a remarkable trait in the character of so benevolent a man, that he attended all public executions, so as to be noticed as a constant attendant by the persons officially engaged in these exaggerations of justice. He described it as a study of human nature!

\* A celebrated ambassador of our times was told how clever a boy his son was. "I would rather," said he, "you had told me how industrious he was."

## TOLERATION.

The leading feature for determining the true religion is universal charity. A saying of Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, is recorded, which will stand the test, and greatly savours of real Christian candour, that “We ought to regard even the Turks as our brethren.”

Racine in his *Discours sur L’Histoire Ecclesiastique*, judiciously observes that religion ought to be maintained by the same pure, gentle means which established it; preaching, accompanied by discretion and the practice of every moral virtue; and above all, as most deserving of confidence, by unbounded patience.

Not less edifying is the view of religion adopted by Filangieri, when he says, “If so many martyrs had not been sacrificed to error, how many more proselytes would have been gained to truth?” He adds: “Innumerable are the turnings wherein the human intellect has strayed in respect to religion, but those records which contain the history of such aberrations, present us with a supplement, in a great and prevailing truth, that the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church. He further declares that natural justice ensures to every one the right of public and private worship,—and that to force the conscience dishonours the service of the Supreme Being, and is contrary to the quiet, noble, faithful principles of that best of religions, the Gospel.”

St. Chrysostom (in his 47th Homily, *in Joan.*) expressly declares that Christians are not to use force for the destruction of error; he gives us a very impressive and sensible idea of his candour, when he subjoins: “The arms with which we ought to contend for the salvation of men, are mildness and persuasion.”

Fenelon, setting aside the pomp and parade of authority, wrote as follows with purity and simplicity, to Louis XIV.:—“Grant toleration to all, not in approving every thing indifferently, but in patiently permitting whatever God permits, and endeavouring to reclaim men, by that meekness of persuasion which results from moderation.”

## ANECDOTE.

A labourer in Italy, employed in throwing down rubbish from a house, called to the passengers to take care; but one of them, paying no attention to the warning, was wounded by a stone. He cited the man before a court of justice, and demanded damages. A celebrated Advocate undertook the defence of the labourer; but as he found it impossible to prove that his client had really warned the passengers to take care, he had recourse to an expedient to gain his object. When the case therefore came to be tried, and the defendant was asked why he had thrown down the stones so heedlessly, he stood mute and mo-

tionless. The Judge repeated his question, but he maintained an obstinate silence; and when the Judge expressed his surprise at it, the Advocate remarked, that his client was unfortunately deaf and dumb. "No, no," exclaimed the plaintiff, off his guard, "it is false, it is an evasion, I myself heard him very plainly say, 'Take care! take care!'"—"And why then did you not follow his warning?" said the Judge, smiling, and dismissed the case.

#### LOTTERIES.

The earliest lottery that is recorded was in the year 1569; it consisted of 40,000 lots, at ten shillings each lot. The prizes were silver plate, and the profits arising from it were applied to repair the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral; and the drawing which began January 11th, continued incessantly day and night, till May 6th of the same year.—There were then only three lottery offices in London.

Wat Tyler's house has been standing till within these few years in the main street of Dartford, near the principal inn on the north side. It was a considerable premises, and the new erection on its site is one of the best houses in Dartford. I once inquired at a barber's shop in Dartford which was the house in which Wat Tyler lived—and he and his wife, after a moment's consultation, replied, with great *naïveté*, that they knew no such person, and that no one of that name had lived in Dartford within the last ten years!

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#### Poetry.

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FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

##### POETIC SKETCH.

"She had no thought from him apart,  
The idol of her seared heart,  
The hope of life's lone pilgrimage,  
The light, the blessing of her age!  
But hope is like the rainbow's form,  
Dying in tears and born in storm;  
And all must feel what passing flowers  
Are joys we deemed most truly ours."

"Alas, life is a weary voyage, made  
Mid storms and rocks, with just a sun ray sent  
To lure us on and leave us."

Down swept the gathered waters over rocks  
Which broke at times the column's foaming line;  
Darkening amid the snow-white froth, it swept  
Like an all conquering army, and an arch  
Of sparkling hues that in the sunbeams played  
Seemed to unite it with the sky which hung  
Above all calmness and repose: The blue  
Ethereal, soft and stainless, well besemed  
A heaven we deem the dwelling-place of peace:  
Downwards it rushed; the tall green pines, that hung

Upon the cliffs beside, were covered o'er  
 With silver spray: there stood those stately trees,  
 Braving the furious storm, as the proud sons  
 Of Greece, when Greece was glorious, stood and braved  
 The tyrant's menace and defied the yoke.  
 It reached the plain below; a crystal lake  
 Became its dwelling, where the dimpling wave  
 Had lost all memory of its former strife:  
 The willows grew around, and that pale flower  
 The water-lily floated on its face,  
 The halcyon plumed his azure wings, nor feared  
 A coming storm, and in the midst an isle  
 Rose like a blest shrine to the guardian power  
 Of that sweet scene. It was a little spot  
 Shaded by gloomy firs and lighter birch:  
 Here the wild strawberry shed its first white blossoms,  
 And the dove built her nest, while the soft gale,  
 Sighing amid the graceful larches, gave  
 The only answer to her murmurings.—  
 Two once dwelt here, a Mother and her Child:  
 She was a widow, and had deeply drank  
 The cup of bitterness. But woman bears  
 The storm man shrinks from unrepiningly.  
 At length the one to whom her love had been  
 A light mid darkness died, and she was left  
 In coldness and unkindness: but one link  
 Still bound her to this earth; there was a smile  
 Bore gladness to her wounded heart, a voice  
 Of joy and consolation, one who made  
 Life very precious to her—the young bird,  
 Her own sweet nestling, yet too young to know  
 What clouds hung o'er him.—Quiet came at last;  
 The mourner found a little lone retreat  
 Where she might rest her weary feet—this isle  
 Became her home. Her child grew up  
 A hope and blessing to her:—she was proud  
 To hear that when he joined his young compeers,  
 No foot was fleet as his, no hand could send  
 The arrow so unerringly, and none  
 So lightly and so fearlessly could scale  
 The height whereon the eagle dwelt; and, more  
 Than all, to feel how she was loved! He seemed  
 To live but for her. When with boyish pride  
 He dared the venturous path the others feared,  
 If chance he saw his mother's cheek grow pale,  
 The meed was left unwon. One morn he went  
 In his light skiff, and promised to return  
 As evening fell; but when the sun sank down  
 The air was thick with clouds, and the fierce wind  
 Poured in its anger o'er the waters; loud  
 The thunder rolled, and the red lightnings hurled  
 Their fiery warnings. High upon a rock  
 She raised a fire:—the lightning struck the pile,  
 She marked it not—the rain beat on her head,  
 It was unfeet—but with the agony  
 Of hope expiring, still she fed the flame.  
 Day rolled the clouds away, and, sick at heart,  
 She looked towards the shore—he floated there,  
 Her own beloved child!—With one wild shriek  
 She threw herself towards him, and the waves  
 Closed on them undivided!—

L. E. I.